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ALTERN-ETERNÉ


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With

Frank Young

Nov. 13th 1911.

ALTERN---ETERNÉ

AND OTHER VERSE

BY

FRANK YOUNG



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THE AUTHOR*

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ALTERN-ETERNÉ

I

TO-DAY, O Soul, this is our Fate:
I am the Ego, thou the Estate.
When I shall die — men name it so —
I'll be the Estate, thou the Ego.

II

Thus ever the ecstatic One
Alternate dreams and wakes; when done
The task, the Toiler, seeking sleep,
Wakens the Dreamer of the Deep.

III

And ever the new task to be done
Is greater than the finished one;
And ever greater is the zest
For work to Him whose work is rest.

ALTERN-ETERNÉ

IV

And far beyond where tongue may reach,
Or thought — all greater than all
speech —

And far beyond where thought is still
Strides on His strong Companion Will.

FAREWELL, PALE YESTERDAY

I

ENDYMION, Endymion,
Thine hour is come to wake.
The goddess who enslaved thee long
Her fateful spell would break;
Would rouse thee from thy dreamful sleep,
Her secret love declare;
And walk with thee through Time, and
 keep
The tryst she made thee share.

II

Endymion, Endymion,
O'er thy immortal state
Slip now the robe we mortals wear
Of earth intoxicate.

FAREWELL, PALE YESTERDAY

The goddess, who enslaved thee long,
By her own power is awed
To serve thee 'neath the mystic moon,
Thy goddess, thou her god.

III

Endymion, Endymion,
Take up thy new-born fate;
Unite the threads of dreams and weave
Realities. Be great
To break the unseen moon-wrought chains
That bind thee to thy pain,
And forge of them in clearer light
The weapons of thy brain.

IV

Endymion, Endymion,
That clear, fair day is thine;
Thy wakening shall be to earth
As alchemy divine.

FAREWELL, PALE YESTERDAY

Thy disenthralment 'gin the task
The brooding skies desire,
And light upon the mountain top
Thy soul's new altar fire.

V

Endymion, Endymion,
Lo! Thou and I are one;
'Tis I who dream 'neath moon-wrought
chains,
'Tis I who wait the sun,
And here I wake and gird my loins,
To climb the mountain way.
Farewell, my dreams; farewell, my chains;
Farewell, pale yesterday.

AT LONVALE

I

EVERMORE unfolding here
From the Loom of Time,
Rolls an antique-patterned year
With a drowsy rhyme.

II

Hand in hand the Seasons four
Circle in a ring;
Chant anon a minor score,
Then a chorus sing.

III

Winter's whisper, Spring's reply,
Lovers may translate
By the tear in Autumn's eye
Welling to its fate.

AT LONVALE

IV

Summer, careless-skirted, free,
Warm her mother face,
Laughs upon the harvest sea
Where her children race.

V

Low the red moons come and go
In the East and West;
Pale with evening's afterglow
Sleep on Morning's breast.

VI

Low the Winter twilight falls
Where the sunset flushed
On the painted heaven-walls,
Into ruin crushed.

AT LONVALE

VII

Long the moaning bough is left
Naked in the rain,
Till the Weaver through the Weft
Draws the sun again.

VIII

Sunshine falling in the fields,
Sinking in the stream,
Lulls the day until it yields
Scarce the house-dog's dream.

IX

When is seen the mellow light
Trembling down the hill;
When is heard the Water-sprite
Singing in the rill.

AT LONVALE

X

Ah! how wondrous fair and dear
Is the peaceful day;
And how strange the moment here
May no longer stay.

XI

Floating on Time's stream awhile,
Bubble of the sky,
First thou movest me to smile
And at last to sigh.

XII

For, though thou must soon depart,
Why may I not stay?
This disturbeth every heart;
It must soon away.

AT LONVALE

XIII

On the shelf against the wall
 Ticks the vacant clock,
Till an hour beyond recall
 Wakes it with a shock.

XIV

And to me, though now I dream,
 Yet I know full well
Cometh floating down the stream
 The eventful knell.

MOODS

I

DEEP, deep, deep blue sky
Of the mountains where I rode
Alone through the pines. How and why
Does my soul bring back the load
Of memories of those lofty days?
The trumpeting cranes whose tones I'm
dreaming,
The rugged, winding mountain ways!
And your kind eyes again are beaming,
Beaming, dear love, on me.

II

And it seems as if by some strange trick
Of fate I passed it by —
The Gate of Happiness where grew thick
The things for which I sigh;

MOODS

Love and plenty and peace and joy
And the river below me gleaming,
gleaming —
Yonder's the cabin! O ho! ahoy! —
And your kind eyes again are beaming,
Beaming, dear love, on me.

III

And we know we have somehow lost it all,
All for which we live;
'Tis locked in moods that ever recall
The pains that life can give
With breaths of nothing; breezes blown
From the Nowhere lands and stream-
ing, streaming,
Through the heart and out alone
To your kind eyes that still are beaming
Beaming, dear love, on me.

LOVE-SEARCH

I

I know not where you are,
Or near me or afar,

Yet this is true:

In all the passing days,
By pleasant flowery ways,
By painful slow delays,

I come to you.

II

I know not have we met.

Is't longing or regret

Or sweet or rue

That swells my o'er-full heart

To overflow and start,

The tears mine eyes that smart,

As I near you?

LOVE-SEARCH

III

By changes of the moon,
By seasons slow or soon,
The old, the new,
By dross burned from my life
In tropic heat of strife,
By growth, O God-made wife,
I come to you.

IV

And, though you do not know,
Something must tell you so,
As omens do.
Tell you, but not by word
Of lip, in silence stirred,
Thus has your spirit heard
Mine speak to you.

LOVE-SEARCH

V

And, oh, when we shall meet
And of life's fruit shall eat,
 To live anew!
When the two streams, as one,
Mingle as rivers run
Under the stars or sun,
 The rain, the dew,

VI

Shall we be great enough
Love's heart beneath life's rough —
 And simply true?
Ever to shield and hold
More safely, fold in fold;
Dearer till we grow old
 In death's adieu.

LOVE-SEARCH

VII

Ah, if it be not so,
I pray you bid me go.
Love's tears that strew
The ground where love says nay
Grow flowers that bloom alway.
Love me too well to stay;
Thus would I you.

VIII

But if — and now I feel,
Trembling within me, kneel
My hope; and through
The life that is but form,
Sweetly and purely warm,
Proof 'gainst its every storm,
Thou'rt in my view.

LOVE-SEARCH

IX

And that I see thee thus,
Is the saf'st pledge of us.

We but renew
The e'er dear bond of fate
That ne'er too soon or late
Unite or separate
Made one, I — You.

X

Then if I meet thee not —
Since vision all untaught
And wholly true
Hath no need to be fleshed —
Why should I seek thee meshed
Thus that with faith refreshed
I may pursue?

LOVE-SEARCH

XI

Nay, I will wait for thee,
Even as thou for me,
 Toil 'neath the blue,
Knowing the beauty there
Growing shall find thee where
Thou and thy labor-prayer
 Smile answer true.

XII

Then shall our union be
Born of the surging sea
 Of soul that drew
Our spirits far amain,
To weld in one the twain,
That Being's self might gain
 And life renew.

YES, IT IS TRUE

I

YES, it is true that when the dews of life
Gather in silver snow upon the hair
The reason why we've met, or here or
there,
The friend or foe, or yonder, peace or
strife,

II

Does brighten on us as a light and show
The simple order of a darkened room;
And then we see that life is not a gloom,
And death is just one way we are to know.

YES, IT IS TRUE

III

Then you, O friend, I love so well and ill ;
And you, O enemy, I hate the same ;
I here have found you One of double
name,
Who come and go in the mysterious Will.

IV

That, all fulfilled, transforms each grief
and pain
Into a doubled joy ; one full and true.
Yes, it is so when falls the silver dew,
And God comes in and lights the room
again.

SONGS

I

SPIRITS 'round me unlike mine
 Make me all a stranger here;
Mists that shroud me veil not thine,
 And thy life to thee is clear.
'Mid confusion all I feel
 Is the paining of my heart;
Why does life then ne'er reveal
 What and where may be my part?

II

To no comprehending one
 May I speak what's in the breast.
All the light from yonder sun
 Falls on living, strangely dressed.

SONGS

Strangely mid it all I stay,
Till the paining in my heart
Bear me strangely far away
From the scene where I've no part.

SONG

I

THEY shall not know the spell I bind,
Nor see my face in sunny air ;
My joy it is to beauty find
And show it to them unaware.
And I will play, yet play unfair,
And fool with masks that I may don
While ling'ring in a maiden's hair ;
Though few shall know that I am there,
Yet all shall know when I am gone ;
Yes, all when I am gone.

II

I touch the heart that's far away,
The pain doth make it yet more fond ;
I cast the winds that ripples make
To wave the lilies on the pond.
And I will play, yet play unfair,
And fool with masks that I may don

SONGS

While ling'ring in a maiden's hair ;
Though few shall know that I am there,
Yet all shall know when I am gone ;
Yes, all when I am gone.

SONG

I

THE bird that limpedly did sing,
While sunshine covering it died,
Has ended song and taken wing,
And in deep shadows now doth hide;
Encompassed by a strange, cool joy
And confidence doth fall asleep
This silentness remembers, aye,
Another time as still and deep.

II

The breeze, that carelessly doth roam
Among the drowsy trees and on,
I've met while wandering from home
Long years ago; the years are gone
Forever, yet this moment hath
Affinity with one lived then,
The winding manner of life's path,
It shadows, and repeats again.

SONG

I

So late I nod me o'er the fire,
All of my love a-dreaming;
The crickets singing my desire,
'Mid flames of fancy streaming.
The coach and four that I see there,
The noble horses prancing,
And with a sudden gust of air
The trooping fairies dancing —
So late I nod me o'er the fire,
All of my love a-dreaming;
With life dressed out in strange
attire
Of seeming, seeming, seeming.

QUATRAINS

POETRY is prophecy,
He who singeth true
Telleth all that shall befall
In the fate of you.

BE not too eager for your victory,
Remember you must all your law fulfill.
Hot haste may bring you somewhat late
to see
When will has conquered 'tis no longer
will.

I AM myself that High Necessity
That overlooks alike my Self and Soul.
Shall not I know, then, all that yet must
be
To pass my fate into my own control?

QUATRAINS

How long shall this thing be ere it discern
It shall stand shelterless in storm and
spurn

The storm; itself invisible and stern,
As that which thus prepares it this to
learn?

For the pains now we feel are the sweets
Of the life yet to come;
Not in battle the warrior meets
His death wound; in his home,
At the hand of the God he retreats
From. The total and sum
Of his life is the truth that he greets,
Clasping hands at the tomb.

QUATRAINS

I

THAT was why you went upon that
journey,

Not to buy a chattel or estate,
Not to get advice from your attorney,
But to meet your Fate.

II

And you did not dream a God was banning
That not quite dishonest thing you'd
do;

Walking there unseen behind your plan-
ning,
Just to keep you true.

EVENING AT THE LAKE

I

LIKE some strange bird, yon white-oared
boat

Is winging low from yonder shore;
Almost concealed in dusky light
Is rise and fall of dipping oar.

II

Like some strange boat, yon sun-red cloud
Sails slow across the evening sky;
The glow upon its canvas spread
Doth die unseen, though seen to die.

EVENING AT THE LAKE

III

Like strange bright eyes, the stars cast
here

Within the darkness where we sit
Those beams whose sweet expression is
With unread meaning intricate.

IV

Like a calm thought in His vast Mind,
The lake beneath the shadows still
In silence doth repeat the skies,
And silent hears the whip-poor-will.

INTROSPECT^d

I

I MET a man — the man was blind —
I thought, oh, cruel blow of Fate,
And wondrous strength of human mind
'Neath such a blow to keep its state.

II

Could I have seen the vision deep
That met his happy inner eye,
I might have thought: 'tis mine to weep,
Who see no angels passing by.

THE SONG OF THE SEA

THE swelling circle of the shore
Of years, O singing sea,
Dost thou fill with thy song, whose score
Is written here in me;
Who sit and watch thy changing face,
Its secret there to read,
The secret which the mind shall trace
As the just heart shall need.
The secret sung for evermore,
Eluding all and Thee,
Whose tones vibrate upon thy shore
And in the heart of me.

IMMORTALITY

I

YE thoughts now dying and soon dead
That fain would haunt my life's new hall,
I speak ye farewell that instead
I may receive an angel's call.
Seek yonder, then, within the past
The resting-place that is for thee,
Whence, looking backward, ye may cast
One glance on Immortality.

II

For so is named the strange dread guest
Who, sometime welcome, sometime feared,
Walks silent in life's evening West
When Youth's bright sun has disappeared,
Clothed in those garments, not our wills,

IMMORTALITY

That light the else all unlit dark
That sleeps upon the eternal hills
That rise within us steep and stark.

III

The mystic questions there that haunt
The crags and vales of Time and Fate,
To tempt the mind and heart and taunt,
The angel knows, or soon or late,
Are answered through the daily toil
That builds in pulsing spirit-gain
From which the chaos-shocks recoil
To hurl their blows anew in vain.

IV

For immortality is now ;
There is no other : we do hold
The subtle reins of When and How
In angel might and splendor bold,
And though we still are questioners,
Are sharers also of the plan

IMMORTALITY

In which the immortal soul avers,
It yet will prove itself as man.

V

Man, who in higher faith shall do
His highest work 'bove nature's sphere
And wisely, joyfully walk through
A world his genius has made dear,
In friendly converse with the gods
Whose shining thoughts the stars reveal
To wake the Destiny that nods
For want of Faith's immortal steel,

VI

E'en now those angel garments light
And clothe the will that would obey;
And what to brutish sense is night
Becomes to it refulgent day:
The hearts that feel earth's shadow pall
See but, or here or there, a star,
While all the flooding beams that fall
In space, to them, as nothing are.

REPOSE

WHEN Night comes on the hills and the
wild Day
Lies bleeding on the conquered western
fields,
And light is in the sky, and on this scene
The shadow of the dusk, with that cool
breath
From the deep lungs of Evening which
exhaled,
Hushes the vale and stills the rumbling
mill;
Shall not the wilder torrent, that has
lashed
The rapids of the veins, returning flow
And fill the wide deeps yearning in the
heart

REPOSE

With sweet tranquillity, that once again
The all-forgotten stars of life then coming
Into their fathomless heavens thence may
shine

Upon themselves reflected all as deeply
In the calm inner azure of repose
When Night, victoriously still, comes on
the hills.

THE END

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